CANDOUR

The British Views - Letter

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

Volume 71. Numbers 3,4 & 5. **March/April/May 1998.**

:K NEW BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH JOURNAL THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1998

Ross has reputation as Jew hater, racist and crank: witness

By MIKE TENSZEN
Telegraph Journal

)NCTON – The reputation colm Ross among teachers? :'s known as a Holocaust and a Jew hater and a racist crank," retired teacher Marnger testified in the Court of 's Bench yesterday.
o other veteran teachers also ie stand yesterday and testiey had grave concerns about ws of Mr. Ross which, they ed, were only expressed outis classroom in his writings. achers said they were also d about, and influenced [illegible]
owing [illegible]

until he was removed from teaching in 1991 because of his v But he kept working in an ac istrative job with the school until about 1995.

Mr. Ross, no longer a t nor employed by the boar launched a defamation against Saint John cartooni Beutel, 52, and against th Brunswick Teachers' Asso The association held a soci ies seminar in Saint John, a agogue, on May 6, 1993. seminar, Mr. Beutel, 52 displayed his caustic cart criticized th

1995, said she first became aware [illegible] of Mr. Ross more than [illegible]

the educational event.

Cheryl Reid, a retired Moncton school superintendent, told the [illegible] known Mr. Ross

and some were not. The school board drafted an official policy on rights and freedoms and they made those clear to Mr. Ross.

Ms. Reid said the involvement [illegible] his views

Ross lawyer says Beutel contradicted himself during trial

■ Cartoonist [illegible] Ross [illegible]

tion
iews

stated that the difference in views between Goebbels and Ross is that one writes in German and the other in English. The lawyer suggested Beutel contradicted himself in the two cartoons.

Was Goebbels a monarchist, Christie asked the cartoonist, who replied that to his knowledge, he wasn't. However, when asked if Goebbels was [illegible] Beutel

GREG AGNEW/TIMES & TRANSCRIPT
Beutel leaves Main Street court house yesterday.

Ross continues defence of views

■ Former teacher claims teachers' federation, cartoonist defamed him

By LISA LISLE
[illegible] STAFF

la
ol
pt
r

ESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1998

Ross admits he has 'religious hostility towards Judaism'

GREATER MON

THE ROSS RIPOSTE

The beginning of February, 1998, saw the opening of Malcolm Ross's lawsuit against the New Brunswick Teachers' Association and the cartoonist Josh Beutel. Way back in 1995 Mr. Ross, a writer and former school teacher, filed a defamation lawsuit against the Teachers' Association and against Beutel who draws cartoons for the *New Brunswick Telegraph Journal.*

From the *Telegraph Journal* of January 30, 1998, we have the following....

"The two parties being sued tried to have the action thrown out of court, contending the complaints of Mr. Ross were silly and petty. But in May 1995, Justice Richard Miller ruled that the legal action launched by Mr. Ross could proceed.

Mr. Ross has written four books, *Web of Deceit, The Real Holocaust, Christianity versus Judeo-Christianity* and *Spectre of Power.* In general terms, the books relate to the declaration by Mr. Ross that there is an international Jewish conspiracy to destroy Christianity.

The lawyer representing Mr. Ross will be Douglas Christie, of Victoria, B.C. (Doug Christie gave a super talk here at FH a couple of years ago. Ed) Mr. Christie has previously acted for Mr. Ross. The West Coast lawyer has also represented Holocaust denier Ernst Zundel of Toronto, the author of *The Hitler we Loved and Why.* Mr. Christie also represented Jim Keegstra, now an auto mechanic, who was once an Alberta school teacher, (How they love to remind us of their 'power'. Ed.) and an alleged anti-semite.

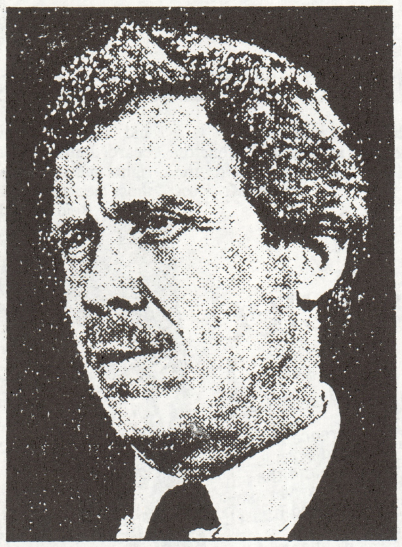
The Teachers' Association is represented by Fredericton Lawyer Eugene Mockler; Mr. Beutel's lawyer is David M. Lutz of Hampton.

The trial, before Mr. Justice Paul Creaghan, will likely take about two weeks. On Monday, the lawyers involved in the case will meet with Judge Creaghan for a non-public, pre-trial conference.

The lawsuit initiated by Mr Ross relates to a May 6, 1993 workshop that the Teachers' Association held at the Shaarei Zedek Synagogue in Saint John. Mr. Ross, then a member of the Teachers' Association, alleges in his statement of claim that during that workshop Mr. Beutel "made a presentation which was defamatory of, and insulting, degrading, and humiliating to the Plaintiff, Malcolm Ross."

In his statement of defence, Mr. Beutel states that what he said at the workshop "was fair comment on a matter of public

interest."
Mr. Beutel also notes in his statement of defence that Mr. Ross " had made himself a public figure by writing, publishing, and selling books which question the accuracy of the reports of the Holocaust and the plaintiff is well known throughout North America due to the controversy surrounding his beliefs concerning the Holocaust in particular, and the Jewish religion and heritage in general."
The statement of defence claims that the writings of Mr. Ross, the interviews that he has done, and the speeches he has made "can be generally charactized as anti-Semitic and/or racist."



Malcolm Ross

In his statement of claim, Mr. Ross claims that Mr. Beutel made his presentation to the Teachers' Association "with the knowledge, consent, and approval of the associaton" and that the presentation was "a vicious, personal attack" on Mr. Ross. The statement claims that the "cartoons and rhetoric" of Mr. Beutel were an attempt "to hold the Plaintiff (Mr. Ross) up to contempt and ridicule before his peers and to destroy his credibility as a teacher and a Christian."
According to the statement of defence, filed in the Court of Queen's Bench by the lawyer acting for Mr. Beutel, the "written and spoken views" of Mr. Ross allegedly include the following:
* Abortion is a Jewish plot to kill Gentiles.
* Blacks and the civil rights movement are controlled by Jews.
* Nazi death camps were faked.
* All major media outlets are under Jewish control.
* Rock music is a part of the 'Jewish conspiracy.'
*The white race is in extreme danger from Jews.
* Both world wars were started by Jews.
* The Christian Church is being infiltrated and destroyed by Jews.
* The Holocaust was an "imaginary mass slaughter" that has been used to create a false sense of guilt in Christian nations.
* Jews are responsible for child pornography."

On March 17th, 1998, we received the following letter from Malcolm;
"Dear Rosine:
I do enjoy receiving the ***Candour*** newsletter which is always read with great interest. The pursuit of truth is a precious right and one which in this country especially is under government and zionist attack. Thank you for sending it to me.
It is good to see spring approaching, although this St. Patrick's Day saw the temperature dip to 10 below zero F. It has been an unusual winter!
It is a relief to have the trial over and it is hard to believe it has been nearly five years since the incident in the synagogue which prompted this action.
Because of the very complicated nature of the lawsuit we were blessed indeed to have a judge alone, rather than judge and jury. My opponents often resorted to personal and emotional attacks which might have had an impact on a jury, but I do not think they impressed the judge who would sit stone-faced through these tirades.
I was very pleased to have Doug Christie as my lawyer and his very competent and professional conduct was impressive. Of course his cross-examination skills are famous, and lawyers would drop into the courtroom just to see him!
The lawyers for the New Brunswick Teachers' Association and cartoonist Josh Beutel were among the province's best, and the NBTA's lawyer, Eugene Mockler, is also the lawyer for Dr. Henry Morgantaler, Canada's infamous abortionist.
These lawyers gave notice a few days before the trial that they were going to launch an assault on my reputation, and this was certainly no idle threat! However it did give me the opportunity to produce supplementary documents which were of great value during the trial.
It became obvious very early on that they were trying to establish that I had a reputation as a racist, anti-Semite, Nazi sympathizer, and all the other smear words they could garner. Of course I asked them to define these terms, which naturally throws them into confusion. I was on the witness stand for four and a half days, and I do so appreciate the prayers on my behalf. I was very much at peace and was able to see through their devious attempts to have me say something they could use against. One lawyer had nearly fifty charges against me and he abandoned nearly all of them during cross-examination. He even threw out the charge that I said the Jews were behind Communism to a large extent when the evidence for this began to mount!
They attempted to "prove" that because I believe Judaism is an anti-Christ religion and that these self-styled Jews are heavily involved in movements attempting to destroy our Christian Civilization my views were somehow very close to Nazism. After reading several passages which showed clearly that the Church held this view before World War Two and had done so for nearly nineteen centuries I was able to defuse this false concept. They endeavoured to take ideas sublime and beautiful, the Gospel and the Kingship of Christ in Society, and twist and distort them to fit into their idea of Nazism. It was as if the Christian Church only started after the Holocaust.
The NBTA had had a clergyman to speak at the synagogue and he spoke on Jewish-Christian relations. Of course only the Christians were guilty and the Jews were presented as the completely innocent victims of Christian superstition and ignorance. When I remarked that they had brought on a heretic to discuss Christianity this was considered quite extreme, but when Re. James Leland took the witness stand it quickly became evident that he was indeed that. He down played the Deity of Jesus Christ and would not even admit that He had said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." He said the Jews did not need Jesus Christ as they had a special covenant with

God! Nothing in the pre-Holocaust Christian Church seemed at all relevant to him!
When the lawyers accused me of taking what was said in the *Talmud* out of context I offered to go into it in more detail. Very quickly they decided that was not so important! However we did get much truth out although the media coverage was selective and not always accurate.
The final day of the trial was quite a "hate fest." The lawyers spent nearly all their time making blistering personal attacks on my writings and reputation. They quoted only a few isolated texts, but weaved these into making me a hate-filled and evil villain, using Christianity as a smokescreen for attacking Jews. I was called a pariah, and the judge was told I wrote with a poison pen! I was feared, the court was told, and it was my kind of writing that caused the Holocaust. In fact the Teachers' Association's lawyer in a moment of eloquence announced to the court (and the courtroom audience largely made up of Jews), "Thank God for Josh Beutel!" for he had exposed this dangerous and vicious hater. He knows how to play to an audience and the Jews responded with quiet weeping. He even informed the court that he had taken my Talmudic quotes to rabbis and had been assured that my interpretations were poisonous! In a back-handed compliment he told the judge that I was hard to cross-examine because of my sophistry! Perhaps for a plain-speaking Scot I have spent too much time reading the *Talmud*!
Doug Christie responded that he would not become involved with emotional arguments, despite the temptation, and rightly accused the opposing lawyers of testifying while not under oath. I am sure the judge did not miss this! I believe we have the Law on our side, and their attack was simply another opportunity to kill the messenger since they could not disprove the message.
I have no regrets about going ahead with this action, and I believe it is important that we fight this injustice and hatred against the Truth. Thank you for standing with me during this stressful, but rewarding, experience. I do hope some eyes were opened and that good will come from it.
May God continue to bless you in your battle for Truth.

Yours sincerely,
Malcolm.

BOX 399, MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, E1C 8L4.

(Write direct to Malcolm Ross at the above address for information about his books and publications. Please enclose at least a 'fiver' to cover his costs and he will, I am sure, send you copies of cuttings of his case.)

REALISM OF THE LAND

"The kinship between the things of earth and the things of Heaven make it easier to understand why the land is a resevoir of religious life, and why the latter declines as a people abandons the countryside.

A society in which all expect everything of the State is one in which the State can give nothing to anyone. A countryman, relying more than others on necessity, is also he who least relies on the State."

Gustave Thibon.

(From *Traditionalist's Anthology* by Elizabeth Lady Freeman)

GORBACHOV Y LA RELIGION MUNDIAL - GORBACHOV AND THE GLOBAL RELIGION

Translated from the Spanish by N.M. Hettinga.

When, in April 1973, the journalist Henry MacFarland reported on the "Operation 76 and the Global Church" in the *Mount Zion Reporter*, many reacted with scepticism and incredulity. A global plan, then, was heralded, to be realised in ten years from 1966, and worked out by the XVIIIth National Congress of the Communist Party in the United States of America (June, 1972). Its aim: to work out a design issuing from Moscow, with a view to found a Church of the Global Brotherhood whose See would be in Jesusalem, and in which Catholics, Protestants and Jews would standardise the starting-points of the practice of a global religion on the basis of a New Global Bible from which all the passages, data and instructions referring to the Divinity of Christ, to His Crucifixion and Resurrection, and much else would have been expurgated.

Every group or individual that exclude themselves from the "global brotherhood" , or that endorses the concepts of divinity and redemption, or of Belief in the Christian Revelation, or that will publish or preach the God and Manhood of the Second Person of the Trinity, would be considered as affected by potential psychic illnesses, incompetent to act in public, and therefore treated (read: persecuted) in accordance with the necessary arrangements of the global power guaranteeing peace and happiness to the people and the nations. (Cf. Doctrinal Proclamations, Nr. 6, 22-10-1978 in *La Hosteria Volante* Nr. 31).

There are those who will claim that all this happened during the days of the Cold War; that the confrontation between the great global blocks legitimized the use of any strategy or confusing manoeuvring whatever, be it in the political or religious, the economical or social, the cultural or military field. But that, after the collapse of the Soviet power which occurred in the wake of Gorbachov's "perestroika", and of the expansion, and the triumph of western democracy, these are matters of the past, and have only a bearing in textbooks on the dangers off espionage: they are of little importance. We will, however, see how these matters look now, twenty or so years later.

In its issue of February, 1996, the North-American journal, *The McAlvany Intelligence Advisor* threw light upon a curious meeting: "From the 27th of September till the 1st of October. 1996, Mickail Gorbachov organised in San Francisco (USA) a forum on "The State of the World". The conference had for its objective to bring about the transition towards a **New World Order**, and brought together, for its guests, an impressive elite, (Please note some of the names. Ed.) qualified by the host as 'World-Citizens'."

Among those present - 141 jews, all Foreign Office officials, (from various unhappy nations. Ed.), and 59 ex-presidents or jews from government circles - George Bush, Al Gore, Milton Friedman, **Margaret Thatcher, Brian Mulroney** and Vlacav Havel. Also people such as Z. Brzezinski, Alvin Toffler, Ted Turner (CNN), Bill Gates (Computers), General Colin Powell, Bishop Desmond Tutu,

representatives of eastern religions and of the present-day New Age.

On the third day of the conference the flags of the countries participating were lowered, and in their place was hoisted a gilt image of the world, represented as an undivided continental mass, "the planet without frontiers". A little later the national sovereignties were declared obsolete.

Gorbachov suggested that a Global Council of Learned Men (The Learned Elders? Ed.), a Global Brain Trust, be set up of great thinkers "whose task it would be to superintend a global change of society, and to suggest mechanisms to prevent and solve crises". The former hierach of the Soviet Union, now global citizen, devotes himself to the study of semantics and of the assessment of speech, in the light of the ideas of Central-European philosophers such as, Wittgenstein, Mauthner, or of others, not philosophers, as, e.g., Karl Kraus, Elias Canetti, Norbert Elfas, etc. (Cf. *Clarin*, 9th of March, 1997). Since his latest intellectual and political position he contended as far back as 1993: "I do not vizualise creating new organisations which clash with the United Nations. I rather think of centres which can unite personalities that are appreciated worldwide in the field of science, of culture and of religion, so that they can take action as observers, or mediators, with a mandate from the international community". (*La Stampa*, Italy, 1993).

The final document published by the latest Conference of San Fransciso testified that "the Global Forum on the state of the world laid the foundation for the launching of a global initiative over several years, which has for its objective to analyse the most important challenges and opportunities which the human race will have to face up to, now that we are entering into the next phase of the evolution of man. It has been convoked with all certainty that - at this particular moment in history, between the end of the cold war and the dawn of of a new century - we are on the way to witness the birth of the first global civilisation".

The participants in the conference describe the Christian beliefs as decrepit, mediaeval and decadent, while they are asking for other answers and for other models of religion to satisfy the spiritual thirst of man. Gorbachov and his "learned men" repeat ad nauseam that a new model of Universalism must replace judeo-christanity. But they realise, as pragmatists would do, that pure atheism cannot possibly be sold to the majority of the North-Americans as long as they still cling to a certain belief in God. Their efforts therefore consist in melting their marxist materialism together with the eastern religions by putting man in God's place, thus to enable him to amalgamate with various religions, and/or imitate them. Only the North-American* people still cause them anxiety: all the rest they already consider slaves.

"Interdependence of man must therefore form our aim, for we are evolutionising towards the global civilisation, which is right there before us: interdependence with and upon one another, interdependence with/upon the Earth, interdependence with/upon the Spirit, who leads all the activities of the human race", and that is why according to the declaration of the Conference a global religion shall be made to replace Christianity."

In the same direction operates the "Initiative to Unite Religions", assembled in the same Yankee city, San Francisco, to map out a Chart of United Religions - a religious version of the United Nations -, a movement that has made its appearance through an appeal, among others by Bishop William Swing, "If we unite in a dialogue of daily prayers and raise a united voice in favour of the global ethics and values", it is possible to divide the tasks for the benefit of peace and justice, asserted Bishop Swing together with Juliet Hollister (foundress of "The Temple of Understanding") and Robert Miller (of the UN Peace University). Dialogue and activities in esoterian laboratories - that's what we will have - with the idea of establishing a world government, supported by a global religion. Let it be said, by the way, that "The Temple of Understanding" has inaugurated its Argentine branch, the Association for Intercultural Dialogue, an association led from New York by the Catholic (?) Argentine priest Luis Dolan (Cf. *La Nacion*, 23rd June 1997, page 17).

While Gorbachov acts as promoter of a new global religion, how are things going for the Vatican? There, they go on preparing the jubilee of the year 2,000 which will take place on Mount Sinai. Purely coincidental? Or will it be the occasion explicitly to deny the God and manhood of Christ? Will Gorbachov and Wojtyla be able to grasp each other's hands? But other disquieting items of news are shaking the apostate hierarchy of Arian Rome. Indeed, on the one hand the designation of a council of three vice-popes, the cardinals Ratzinger, Sodano and Martinez Somalo, to run the church, conflicts with the fact that meanwhile Wojtyla exercises much more freely (but not dogmatically) his spiritual authority over the western world (Cf. the weekly *Christ the King*, Tucuman, 25th June 1997, page 16). On the other hand, *The Fatima Crusader* (Constable, New York), a publication of the Servants of Jesus and Mary, in its Nr. of Winter 1997 tells us: (that) at the end of 1996, in an address directed to The International Congress for World Peace-Fatima 2000, taking place in Rome from 18 till 23 November (Mark the proximity of the events referred to in this news item), Archbishop Emmanuel Milingo, special delegate to the Pontifical Council for the Pastoral Care of Immigrants and Travellers, charges that there are members of the Roman-Catholic hierarchy that are secretly involved in Satanic Cult activities.

The most important Italian newspapers, such as *Il Tempo* and *Il Messagero* (Rome's principal newspapers) inform us of the comments made by the Archbishop. in an editorial on the front page of the latter of the two. Regarding these very serious charges *The Fatima Crusader* consulted the priest Malachi Martin, author of books causing not a little consternation, who pointed out that "Archbishop Milingo is a good bishop, and his announcement that there are Satanists in Rome is completely correct. Whomesoever is familiar with the state of affairs in the Vatican these last 35 years is well-informed of the fact that the Prince of Darkness has secured and still possesses his representatives at the Court of Saint Peter in Rome".

Why does the disbelief, therefore, of so many priests concerning the existence of the devil and of the satanic cults surprise Mons. Conrado Balducci? (Cf. *La Nacion*; 13 June 1996). We cannot deny that we are living through apocalyptic times, and that the enthronement of the Antichrist appears to be forthcoming. We must therefore attentively follow events, no doubt. We must also pray to Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, asking Him to protect our country and our people.

From: *LA HOSTERIA VOLANTE* - Ing. Jorge M. DISANDRO,
Casilla de Correo - 700/ 1900 LA PLATA,
Republica ARGENTINA.
The Directorate.

TRADITIONALIST QUOTES

Militant Christianity Needed

It can be argued that a race that could no longer accept the "liberal" voodoo cult as a substitute for both its religion and its powers of observation and reason - a race capable of such mindless orgies as a "war to end wars" - a race that has for decades worked to commit suicide - is a race that has become too imbecile to be biologically viable. It is entirely possible that our unique capacity for science and technology will, after all, be no more effective in the struggle for life than was the vast bulk and musculature of the dinosaurs. It may be that any attempt to reason with a people seemingly in the grip of suicidal mania is itself the greatest folly, and that the vainest of all illusions is the hope that anything can save men who evidently no longer want to live.

If we permit ourselves as Christians any hope this side of heaven, and if we permit ourselves as atheists any hope at all, we must base that expectation on the hypothesis that the collapse of Christendom, the loss of faith in the religion of the West, was a traumatic shock to our racial psyche that stunned but did not kill. If that is so, then there is hope not only that we may revive from the shock and survive, but also that the unique powers of our unique race may again be exerted to give us a future that will be brilliant, glorious and triumphant beyond all imagining. If that is so....

The question is one that only the future can answer. But a significant indication will be given by the attitude and action of the Christian minority that has thus far been the only defender of our race, the only champion of our embezzled heritage. Will they be willing to face, as did their ancestors in the great Crusade, the fact that wars are won only by mobilising and directing superior *force* against the enemy; that pious sermons, scriptural citations and benevolent intentions never turned a single spear or blunted a single blade; and that if Christians had put their trust in miracles, they would long since have disappeared from he face of the earth? Christians survived at Chalons and at Tours and at Vienna and in many another crisis, not by book, bell and candle, but by grace of the shining sword in a mailed fist, directed by a dauntless heart.

Revilo P. Oliver (*Christianity and the Survival of the West*)

Ecumenism

This is an age of minorities; of minorities powerful and predominant partly through the power of wealth and partly through the idolatry of education.... Just as they would make an international congress out of the traitors of all nations, so they would make an ecumenical council out of the heretics of all religions.

G.K. Chesterton - "The New Jerusalem"

Honesty

Diogenes would have a hard job nowadays, as he did of old, to find honest men. To be effectively honest, it is not enough to believe what you say to be true. It is just as necessary to have the intelligence and industry to enquire, and the courage to speak. There are too many feebly honest people. The downright rogue who knows he is a rogue is an honester man than these.

E.T. Richmond

Democracy

Democracy is a fraudulent term used, often by ignorant persons but not less often by intellectual fakers, to describe an infamous mixture of socialism, miscegenation, graft, confiscation of property and denial of personal rights to individuals whose virtuous principles make them offensive.

Westbrook Pegler

Power

The men that worked for England
They have their graves at home;
And bees and birds of England
About the cross can roam.

But they that fought for England,
Following a falling star,
Alas, alas for England,
They have their graves afar.

And they that rule in England,
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves as yet.

G.K. Chesterton
"Elegy in a Country Churchyard"

Conspiracy

People who don't believe in the conspiracy theory of history are the very ones who make it possible for conspirators to go on making history.

All great events have been distorted, most of the important causes concealed, some of the principal characters never appear, and all who figure are so misunderstood and misrepresented that the result is a complete mystification. If the history of England is ever written by one who has the knowledge and the courage, the world would be astonished.

Benjamin Disraeli

All of the above quotes, and hundreds of others, were collected over many years by Elizabeth, Lady Freeman, M.B.E., who was the first to offer her unequivocal backing to A.K. Chesterton when he announced his intention to launch *Candour* in 1953. Later, she joined *Candour's* campaigning organisation, the League of Empire Loyalists.

Elizabeth edited her commonplace book and the printed result appeared as ***Traditionalist's Anthology*** compiled by Elizabeth Freeman.

"If the miracle we pray for is delayed, and the spiritual and physical vandalism of nations continues, may our children's children find, learn from, and profit by the treasures of truth examplified in this timely strong-book." (From the foreword by Rosine de Bounevialle, March 1986.)

We would hope that all *Candour* readers have a copy at their writing desk. There is a quote, verse or line for many an occasion. (Especially for that letter to your local newspaper!)

Clothbound. 171pp. £8.00 (U.K.) £10.00 (Overseas) Incl. P&P.

Please send your order for a copy of ***Traditionalist's Anthology*** to *The A.K. Chesterton Trust* at Forest House.

THE ONE MAN WAR GOES ON

TED ATKINSON UPDATE

HERTS + ESSEX OBSERVER - 23/4/98

April 23, 1998 OBSERVER 7

OAP WAGING WAR ON 'SEXUAL PERVERTS'

HERT + ESSEX OBSERVER - 23/4/98 - ENGLAND

A PENSIONER convicted of criminal damage after he tore up a gay lifestyle magazine warned magistrates they were "endangering their immortal souls by aiding and abetting sexual perverts".

Edward Atkinson, aged 66, was found guilty on Monday of destroying the March copy of *Gay Times* in WH Smith, South Street, Bishop's Stortford.

When he was granted a 12 month conditional discharge and ordered to pay £80, he said: "I've no intention of paying a brass farthing. I cannot respect a court that defends, aids and abets sexual perverts."

Atkinson, who wore a rosary and carried a copy of the Bible, told Hertford magistrates he was a Roman Catholic and was waging a one-man war against "sodomite literature".

He refused to enter a plea and defended himself, saying the magazine was illegal because it promoted sodomy and therefore it was not a crime to rip it up.

"Somebody has to make a stand," he insisted. "It's a national outrage, a public scandal. I submit there's no case to answer. WH Smith should be prosecuted not me. They're turning this country into a moral sewer.

"There's a section in that magazine giving introductions for sodomites to contact other [illegible] - THAT'S AN OFFENCE

Atkinson said he targeted newsagents and book stores which sold magazines and books promoting sodomy.

Linda Barlow, customer support manager at WH Smith, told prosecutor, Keith Maugham, *Gay Times* was a "fairly lukewarm" top shelf magazine.

On March 14, Atkinson handed her a copy of the £2.50 magazine, complaining about its contents and demanding she destroy it.

"I explained to him it is a legal publication, we are allowed to distribute it and asked what action he wanted me to take and he said destroy them publicly in front of him."

She was phoning the police when he snatched the magazine from her hands and ripped it up.

Arrested and interviewed by police, he maintained his right to destroy the magazine.

Atkinson, from Hilgay, Norfolk, said: "In 1996, I ripped up £300 worth of books in 10 different bookshops.

"Sodomites are taking over the country. It's not pornography, it's totally unnatural. I hope other people follow my example."

He plans to appeal against his CONVICTION

Abortion is murder of the gravest kind

UNIVERSE - MANCHESTER - ENGLAND - 19/4/98

I REFER to your headline in *The Universe* (April 5): 'Scots fight for a vote on abortion'. It is apparent that the Blair Government is determined to force "legalised" abortion on the proposed new Scottish Legislature. This is only to be expected of a Government composed, for the most part, of militant atheists.

The flavour of this Government should be apparent to any person of common sense.

But what I find really disturbing is the liberal waffling of the opposition. Procured abortion is wilful premeditated murder, that is murder in the first degree.

No earthly authority can legislate for the murder of innocent human beings, neither can it be give the power to by a national referendum.

There is only one position for any Christian, or indeed any person of goodwill to any proposal to 'legalise' abortion, namely total uncompromising unconditional opposition.

It is the error of a large section of the pro-life movement in the Irish Republic that they are calling for a national referendum on abortion under the slogan 'Let the people decide'.

So, at some future date, the voters of Ireland will, to put it bluntly, be asked to decide whether Irish parents shall be granted the 'legal right' to murder their children.

It is the error of democracy that the people are sovereign and that, in their name, the government of the day can pass any law that it pleases.

I think it was St Pius X who said:

"About the rights of man as they are called, we have heard enough.

"Let us go forth now and proclaim the Rights of God."

Edward Atkinson, Norfolk

April 4th. 1998.
Norfolk.
Feast of St. Isidore.
(Bishop-Confessor-Doctor)

Dear Rosine,

As you can see trouble seems to cling to me as tenaciously as the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor. With a narrowing of the arteries and an inflammation round the heart, and just coming up to 67 I may be getting too old for this sort of thing. But somebody has to stand up and be counted. This week I have made my will, and next Wednesday I am going for a medical check up.

For the last three or four months I have definitely noticed that my condition is getting worse. I get tired very quickly and frequently suffer from chest pains. They are not severe, but decidely uncomfortable. Last July for the first time in twelve years I was not able to walk the Canterbury pilgrimage from Rochester, spread over three days. I reckon I could have made it at my own pace, but this year I am sure I wont be able to do even that.

These frequent confrontations with the law don't help. Being by nature a law abiding citizen it is a double strain and sucks more out of me than I would really like to admit. The situation is neither of my making or of my choosing.

A few weeks ago I had a brush with the local branch of Martin, a newsagents, a chain store. They have a bookcase of unashamedly erotic paperbacks placed within a childs eye level and in their reach. I spoke to the management and was told that they were placed in that location on instructions from Head Office. Obviously testing their toes in the water. But then, so am I. I excercised my lawful right and destroyed a copy in front of two members of staff. Asked them if they wished to call the police. Was told that they would have to wait until the manager returned. Left my name and address. I have heard no more about it.

Last Wednesday I put a letter into the local police station setting out what I had done and giving them the score. I demanded that they seize all copies and destroy them. Am awaiting results. Evens I draw a blank.

On the 14th of March as you can see I ripped up a copy of *Gay* (Sodomite) *Times*. Spent Saturday night in Stortford police station, and Sunday night in Hertford. Two Met. Officers drove me down to London. It is really wonderful how God in his mercy gives us lots of little consolatory signs. My favourite Gospel is St. Mark. Would you believe it, both of these gentlemen were *both* named Mark. One was a lapsed Catholic and the other an Anglican.

I was lodged in West London police station on Monday night. The following morning the Anglican police officer dropped in to see me at the cell, just to make sure I was alright as he said. He had to pick up some documents.

Then I was off to Marlborough St. Court and put alone into a cell. Somebody had left a penny on the bench. When I picked it up it turned out to be an Irish one. Next I was taken to the room ajacent to the court to await my call. There was only one other person and he was in for shoplifting. Aged 29, a lapsed Catholic. I was able to spend a few minutes conversation with him. Would you believe it? He was called *Patrick* McGuiness, and all this on St. Paddy's day.

In court I made my usual policy statement re: to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and went on, "And in defence of our Christian heritage and for the five million babies murdered by abortion in Britain. Procured abortion is wilful premeditated murder in the first degree." That was met with silence.

The lady 'stype' asked me why I had not attended court for sentencing in December '96. I said, "I am not the courts' paid servant, why should I be at your beck and call?" She passed that over with some remark which I have forgotten. The upshot was a fine of 150 Pounds. I spent the rest of the day in a cell in lieu.

I freely admitted damaging the books but said that I

acted lawfully. I had torn them down the spine at a particular page intending it to be read out in court. The rejection of my demand, I said, was wilful suppression of evidence to pervert the course of justice. I asked the 'stype' if they were in court. She said they had been destroyed, although she had seen the covers. I said, "The evidence has been destroyed. How convenient for you." Before leaving the court I told her, "By aiding and abetting these perverts you share in their guilt and you will have to answer before God. Hear me Maam, for the good of your immortal soul." She made no reply.

During that appearance I was sure that I was headed to the 'nick' again, but come what may I was determined not to back off. I have found time after time that when you face the devil down he is a right cowardy custard. St. Therese discovered that as a child.

They seem to have dropped the idea of a psychiatric report, Deo Gratias! However, they did hand me a pre-sentence report from a probation officer who turned out to be another lapsed Catholic. She was unable to suggest any suitable penalty. You will no doubt be happy to know that she considers me to be a low risk to the public. I know that will be a great relief to you. You can invite me back to Forest House without the fear of being murdered in your beds.

If I can get the acquittal to which I am lawfully entitled it will open a breach so wide I should be able to get a couple of ocean going liners through it side by side and broad end to. They know it and they know that I know it. They are on the horns of a dilemma. I am within the law, but alas it means little when one comes into conflict with the brethren of the peculiar handshake. I cannot stop the juggernaut of the State, but I can clear my conscience before God, and with God's help, give them a run for their money.

You are absolutely right about getting busy letter writing. I have just written one to the *Catholic Times* on the money swindle, and one to the *Universe* on the Scottish Parliament abortion question.

The late Bob Bergin of *Fatima International* told me once that if he was not engaged on other work he would like to spend all his time organising groups of Catholics who do nothing else but work full time writing letters. (I agree with this but of course, where possible, our people should be active in every practice of which they are physically capable. Ed)

The "B".B.C. claim (but probably don't practise) that every letter they receive expressing a particular position on any given subject is regarded as twenty letters. Their reasoning is that if they were to receive say 100,000 letters there must be another 1,900,000 who share the same views but have not put pen to paper. Sounds fair enough to me from my experience of the 'silent' and largely inactive majority. The mass entertainment industry has produced a nation of zombies. As the Irish publication *Fiat* (Now defunct) put it some thirty years ago, "We are being entertained to death." It is the modern day electronic version of Nero's 'Bread and Circuses.'

Ted."

April 30th. 1998
Norfolk
St. Catherine of Sienna - Virgin

"Dear Rosine,

....the enclosed cutting is largely self explanatory. However there are some gaps to fill in and I am not responsible for the rather lurid headline..

I told the court that I have never yet been done for contempt, the reason being that they know I am right, and they know that I know it. The Crown counsel continually evaded my contention that sodomite literature has never been legalised and that the only legal concession made to sodomites was the commission of homosexual acts between consenting adults in private.

The laws of England are being administered according to the dictates of political expediency....

I repeated my demand that all copies of the magazine be seized and W.H. Smiths prosecuted for selling it....

The word 'Gay' when used in a homosexual context describes no person, state, act or condition known to the law....

I was asked why I had not taken out a private summons. I pointed out that this would cost thousands, so I just reverse the process and let them 'prosecute' me.

I refused to stand up for sentencing. That was when I told them that 'I cannot respect a court that aids, abets and protects sexual perverts.

I made my usual statement that 'I stand in this court as a witness for our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and Blessed Mary His Ever Virgin Mother. In defence of our Christian Heritage, and for the five million babies murdered by abortion in this country. Procured abortion is premeditated murder in the first degree.' During this statement I was not interrupted.

The court clerk was very kind and helpful. He filled in the appeal form, except for the parts that he could not, and took it from me there and then. At all other courts I would have had to send it in by post later....

Sincerely in the Cause of Christ The King and His Blessed Mother,

Ted."

Please: ALL of you pray for the well being of this stalwart comrade who has taken up the Cross and carried it so faithfully and is such a noble example to follow in this bleak world we sinners have allowed God's good creation to become. *R de B.*

(NB. An earlier report of Ted's appeared in *Candour* November/December 1996. We will be reporting on other individuals and independent groups whose actions are an inspiration for us. They will include *Youth Defence* in Eire and *The Crusaders for the Unborn Child* in England.)

CANDOUR'S FUNCTION

Wyndham Lewis, after surveying the growing chaos of the pre-war world, wrote:

"To outdo your neighbour in humbug and mis-representation has been at all times accepted as the proper function of 'diplomacy'. No-one expects a Foreign Office to be a model of veracity; that would be absurd. But there must *somewhere* be *somebody* who has a shot a getting the facts relatively right, exactly and reliably stated, and methodically arranged. There must be some department of discourse, where *the truth*-and-damn-the-consequences is the thing aimed at, rather than merely the most handy and plausible misrepresentation of facts and of events." (Robin Cook take note. Ed.)

This defines the function which *Candour* aspires to perform.

HOWEVER DID IT HAPPEN TO ME ?
Chapter III

by Rosine de Bounevialle

By 1941, we were becoming "manured" to the waste and wiles of our warmongers, but in 1940 in the Establishment induced epidemic of self-sacrifice (*our* sacrifice, of course, not our Directors) everything from treasured love letters, domestic cutlery, even the palings from public parks and private gardens were uprooted and handed over to "help the war effort", and doubtless, the precious, (to their owners) papers and cutlery went to join the railings in some forgotten storehouse pending the conversions that were never attempted, or intended to be so. Then, as now, however, Establishment cheats were soon overlaid by newer deceptions and so forgotten by their victims so that it was never necessary to praise or exhibit the resultant transmutations, *that did* make me, at least, somewhat sceptical, at a later date.

Rosine de B. - early 1940's

In the meanwhile, my initial training for my lowly occupation was completed at Museum Exchange in Tottenham Court Road, and I was transfered to the Colonial Office, in which peaceful backwater, off Whitehall, I shared duties at the tiny (by comparison) switchboard with four other (or maybe six) staff. All of them superior, permanent Civil Servants who appeared most resentful that such a tyro should be installed in their cosy nest - and when - to my unpronounceable name, were added my amateur status, Westminster address and seemingly non-wage-earning past, my situation as the lowest ranking Hen in the Flock marked me out for anyone's pecking. Luckily, I was not there long enough for anyone to discover that *I* was no chicken, rather a *cat*, and as someone later said, where most women were stupidly catty, I was cleverly catty.... But I hope I did not scratch any innocents. In only a few weeks I was again transfered - this time, from that somewhat alien heaven to the unadulterated Hell of the Ministry of Aircraft Production - a wartime mushroom where the Ministry's telephone exchange was housed - if that is the word - in the low-ceilinged basement of a six or seven storied building on the right bank of the Thames, a few hundred yards from Trafalgar Square. The switch room had seventy "positions" ranged round three sides with supervisors' and 'enquiry' desk in the centre.

THE VERY FIRST DAY

The very first day when I entered this suffocating place, two "seniors" approached me and asked if I was a "Union" member. I said "No, I don't believe in Unions." The reply was: "Why ever not? We just got you a 'cost of living' rise." "Yes," I said, "Before that, I received two pounds ten shillings a week, after the 'cost of living' rise, which was one shilling and sixpence and put me into the Income Tax paying bracket, which tax then came to ten shillings a week, I now receive a Net income of £2-1-6 (two pounds one shilling and sixpence) instead of the two pounds ten shillings I had originally!" The Union 'reps' faded away.

There were, in those "manual" days. three intolerable sins an operator should never commit - "late arrival". " excessive sick-leave" and "standing-up whilst operating the switch-board." The "chairs" provided for us were leather padded seats on steel frames, adjustable for height. After I had been employed there for two or three months - it was in 1941 - Spring, I think - when one day we arrived for work to find our adjustable chairs had been replaced by small, wooden, stool-like seats with a single curved bar across the back, which were as uncomfortable as they could well be. Everyone grumbled, but no one questioned the change. After a couple of days, I said to the girl next to me, "Are you in the Union?", She replied that she was. I said "So what is the Union doing about it?" and the asnwer was "There's a war on, it can't be helped." Then I asked the girl on my other side and received the same replies, I stuck it for another day, and then stood up to operate. My neighbour said, "Oh, what are you doing?" I told her that I wasn't going to sit on those wretched little stools for eight hours a day. Then, my other neighbour asked the same question and got the same reply. "But," they said, "the Union say the metal is needed for the war effort." "Oh, rubbish," I exclaimed, "Don't you remember all that fuss about cutlery, park railings and even 'treasured love letters' we were all supposed to sacrifice for the war effort?' *They* never saw the light of day in any form, and I bet our adjustable chairs are now stored in some spare room down the corridor."... After a few more minutes my immediate neighbours also stood up, and then *their* neighbours did the same until there were six of us in a row, all committing this heinous crime of "standing while operating!" Presently, an outraged supervisor rushed across and asked, What are you doing? I said, "We are not going to ruin our backs sitting on these non-adjustable, uncomfortable seats for hours on end." "Oh!", she cried, "They have gone for the war effort," "Nonsense," said I, "I bet they are still in the building in some store room. You only have to fetch them back." There was really nothing the embarassed supervisor could do without taking half-a-dozen telephonists away from the 'war

effort,' so we continued to operate as usual, having restful 'stands' in-between times.

The very next day, the original, adjustable, chairs were returned - even I was astonished (though I concealed it) at the rapidity of the victory. So much for Unions....

AT THE CITADEL

After five seemingly interminable months, I caught a 'flu-like cold and was on 'sick leave' when I was transfered. I do not know if the "chair" incident had anything to do with it. I rather hoped it had. Anyway, it was two weeks before I was fit to report to my next stop, which was the Admiralty in Whitehall. When I did so, I went to the main entrance and asked a passing N.O. (Naval Officer), where the Switch Room was, and he said, "Oh, I'll show you or you might get lost." Everybody was supposed to have a pass complete with identity photograph, signature and all. Of course, I had not yet been issued with one which did not worry my N.O. at all - he led me by devious ways down and along into what I afterwards knew as the Citadel, (It looks something like a desert fort out of *Beau Geste*) which still stands on the corner of the Horse Guard parade ground opposite the war memorial in St. James's Park. When I arrived at the switch room door introduced by my Naval guide, two of the staff came asking who I was and how had I got there without a pass; when I told them, they cried in unison, "Oh,! It's the Cocoa Girl." Thus Coco became my nickname. *This* switchroom was large, comparatively high-ceilinged, air-conditioned, and situated in the lowest basement of the Citadel - safe as the top brass War Room - so it was said, and by many believed, until one day, going to the canteen during an air-raid we were in a corridor of the old building and heard a rushing noise. I asked what it was, and was told "Oh, that is the air turned off from the Citadel in case there is a gas attack!" What a blessing I am not of a nervous disposition. It was still 1941. I remained stationed there until that bloody, stupid, senseless war was ended.

HOSTELITIES

It was spring and I was still living in a Sisters of Charity Hostel in Medway Street , Westminster, when the last two night-long air-raids took place. They became known afterwards as "The Wednesday" and "The Saturday". The main hostel building had five storeys but there was an annex wing which was only three storeys, my cubicle was in that, so for us the third floor was the top, where there were five cubicles, two bedrooms with doors, a bathroom, and "offices". I occupied a cubicle with a window that overlooked Medway Street and the hostel's front door, my bed was four feet away next to the partition separating me from my neighbour, the partition stopped two feet from the ceiling so that we could comfortably converse if we wished. On "the Wednesday" however, we had volunteered to fire-watch on the main building roof which was reached via a ladder from the attic on the fifth floor. Volunteers were in rather short supply because the hostel accomodated a surprising number (or it seemed a surprising number then) of girls, native to southern Ireland, who were always boasting of their brothers and cousins who were lights in the Irish Republican Army! These "enemy aliens" worked in the Registry of the War Office in Whitehall. 'Curiouser and curiouser' as Alice in Wonderland would say. Anyway, on this night, Daphne, my cubicle neighbour, and I went up the ladder to the roof at about seven o'clock clothed in a sort of female battledress and equiped with tin hats. By eight o'clock things were humming, the barrage was going full blast and bombs were falling on the City, Westminster and environs. At ten o'clock some firemen came up and told us that Westminster Hospital, which we could see a couple of streets away from our eyrie , had been hit and was in the process of evacuation; there were so many fires and wreckage that no more ambulances were available and taxis were being commandeered: on that cheerful note they departed saying, " That's right girls, stick to your posts" - so we did. A while later Daphne suddenly said, "Look! There is a man coming down on a parachute." I said, "No, it is an Earthquake bomb!" Of couse we were looking in different directions -then there was a tremendous explosion on my side and I said "Your parachute man certainly made a crash landing! Then Daphne shouted, "No, look!" I turned towards her - and there sure enough there *was* a man on a parachute floating gently down - and then against all the clamorous din we both heard an ominous rushing noise like a hurricane and we both sprang for the ladder to the attic, Daphne was nearest and was on the way down - raised her head, saying "Come *on* Coco" when the thing went over our heads and seconds later there was deafening explosion and rubble descended on us; I had my head down so the tin hat took my share but Daphne had her head up and mouth open calling me, so her lot fell on her face and down her throat but no permanent damage was done. It sounded as if the hostel had not been hit either, so we thanked God and decided that whatever it was had not got our names on it. The battle went on and on but it seems one can get used to anything and we became almost philosophical whilst gradually the flashes and bangs, guns and aero-engine noise became more intermittent until, at last, with the dawn, there were only the dying fires and the sound of fire engines, motor and aircraft engines and slackening gunfire. We continued to wait, watch and wonder what had happened to everyone - and then we heard a voice calling rather nervously from the staircase of the fifth-floor: "Is anybody there? Are you all right?" "Yes," we shouted, "We're fine." "Oh, thank God'" said Miss Sheridan's voice (Irish but not IRA), "Sherry", we cried, " How great to hear you. Is all well?" She did not tell us at once what had made Sister Theresa, the Sister Superior, forget all about us until after 6am. Later, when we had been hailed as heroines and given the last two baths-full of hot water, (electricty supply gone) we learned that the bomb that just missed us had fallen by the front door of the hostel and wounded two of the Irish girls who had gone out during the raid, "To see the damage!" It was a major tragedy for them because, as far as we afterwards knew, they were both so badly damaged that they were never able to walk again without sticks or crutches. We saw them no more for they both remained in hospital until they were shipped back to Ireland.

I went home to Liss for the weekend and so missed "the Saturday" which saw London's last great thrashing by conventional aircraft when the railway bridge across the Thames at Westminster got its 'come-uppance' - or rather - its 'come down-ance' - but our hostel suffered no more.

ON THE FOOD FRONT

Life resumed its *un*even tenor: breakfast and dinner maintained their rationed austerity. Having been since infancy, an intermitent resident and/or scholar in a succession of Convent schools, I had long been familiar with the "Plain" Diet and uninspired cooking endemic in any establishment ruled by practioners of "Holy Poverty", so I never remarked upon it, and nor did anyone else until one day a newcomer joined our table (for six) in the hostel refectory: and this latest addition, never neglected to tell rest

of us us how "dreadful the food was; as soon as the first mouthful of any meal passed her lips we were treated to this monotonous criticism. For the first couple of weeks, no one made any kind of response, thinking it would soon cease, but instead it became a sort of nightly (dis)grace until, at last, I turned to her and said, "Yes, it must be really awful for you, but for me it is a treat. You see we could only afford bread and water at home." There was a ghastly silence. The other four diners were dumbfounded - literally - thereafter, there were no more comments upon the convent's menus'.

THE TINY TIGRESS

For the remander of 1941, I was still hostel-bound, as my mother was yet at home with the "evacuees". Myself, my neighbour Daphne, and a girl two cubicles along whose name was Margaret (nicknamed Maggie-Ann) became fast friends but we had only nodding acquaintance with the other third-floorers. Then.... one evening the door of one of the end rooms (as opposed to a cubicle) burst open and a small girl (5'1") with improbable, platignum, curly hair, who resembled nothing so much as a furious tiger-kitten, erupted into the passage, saying "Ze bed, she-ees so hard!" Daphne, Maggie-Ann and I all rushed to sample the bed and greet the complaining one whom we had never seen before. We did not think the bed any harder than our own but we were fascinated by the "tiny-tigress". She had this foreign accent. Jean Harlow-like hair and was arrayed in what we afterwards recognised as a top designers' suit; (it was in fact by Scaparelli!) Her name was Sophia Vanandiane but she told us that her "pet" name was Ljalja, short for Olga, Russian and pronounced "Lalya". She said she had been in Holly....hesitation...."wood" but after a few hours acquaintance, we knew there was some mystery about her - *and* surprise, surprise, she *was* provided with an extra mattress! We were all so mutually attracted that inside a week we learned nearly all about her. The reason for her initial reticence was that she had just been released from Holloway Prison - she had been fourteen months interned under the infamous 18B Order. (One could accuse anyone-else without confirming evidence, of treason and the accused might be, and often was incarcerated indefinitely without trial). These political internees were housed with ordinary convicted felons, and there was no appeal except to an "advisory council" and that, only at the Council's own discretion. This was the first any of us had heard of this outrageous extension of the First World War "Defence of the Realm Act" then known as "D.O.R.A."*

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Ljalja, was the daughter of a Russian noble woman (Princess) and an Armenian Officer in the Imperial Guard - this was reckoned a mesalliance and the despised Armenian was never promoted beyond "Captain". He was killed in W.W.I. and the princess and her baby daughter who was three years old in 1917 - escaped the Bolshevic Revolution to Yugoslavia, where the mother became a dress designer and married a Serb. Ljalja had been married - disastrously - at eighteen, to a man (Serb) who wanted no children and insisted on abortion whenever God decided otherwise. At last on her mother's advice she obtained a divorce and came to England to "begin a new life" by adding English to her Serbo-Croat, French, German, Polish and native Russian languages. She went to a school staffed with Irish nuns and was accomodated more as a "paying guest" than a Sixth Form pupil. There, she became a friend of the daughter of a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy, stationed at Portsmouth, at the time the war began, or rather was declared by Neville Chamberlain; Peggy, the daughter invited Ljalja to spend the holidays with her. They stayed, at first, in London, at the Savoy Hotel. When the Admiral and entourage were arranging to go home to Pompey, the Head Porter at the Savoy, said to Ljalja, "These are strange times, don't go to Portsmouth, go back to the convent where you are known." Ljalja, however, was, so pro-British that she had already given her binoculars and Leica camera to The Admiralty ("for the war effort"!). She did not listen to the worldly wise Head Porter's advice.... "What harm can come to me staying with my friends?" - So, she went with them to their home in the naval base. Sometime later, she was "dated" by some member of M.I.5. and when she refused the then almost inevitable invitation to fornication to round off the evening, reported her as a "dangerous spy" and she was transported to HMP Holloway where she arrived at midnight with no other explanation. She was, therefore, placed in solitary confinement pending further information. She was incarcerated thus for a whole week and treated with the utmost contempt by the patriotic wardresses - no one loves a spy - until the Governor of the prison, having received no further communication concerning this "dangerous spy", had her brought to his office to ask her why she was there! Her one slice of luck was that the prison was in England and the Governor humane. "If it had been in Yugoslavia", she told us, " and was also a mistake, no one would have admitted it and I would have never been heard of again. That is what made me so terrified. I thought I would be secretly murdered." So, when in answer to the Governor's enquiries, she told him her story - he believed it, and told her to send to her "friend" in Portsmouth for her clothes and jewelry which they had kept with them. Although she protested that they would be perfectly safe there, he said, "No, there could be bombing or anything; they will be much safer in the prison's lockers. At least send for your jewelry" he insisted, when she described it as valuable. So she did so, which was as well, for she never saw her clothes - or their custodians - again. It seems the Admiral had a German mistress who was the same size as his daughter's friend!

She remained in prison - Holloway - during the worst of "The Blitz" so-called, when the prisoners were supposed to be locked in their cells for the duration of "the Alert"! The Governor, however, had refused to do such an inhumane thing. This information was corroberated by another hostel guest who also had been "denounced" by a dis-satisfied foreman in a munitions factory! She, however, being that sort of person, did some denouncing on her own behalf and was released in double quick time. She was English.

FREEDOM OF A SORT

After fourteen months, Ljalja at last managed to reach the Advisory Council which decided that she was innocent of spying for the enemy and could be released. So they gave her the suitcase she had arrived with, plus her jewelry, took her to the main-gate and said "You can go". "Where to?" she asked in despair: "Anywhere you like." was the reply, and the door was closed behind her. Just then a taxi drove up and disgorged the redoubtable Miss Christic. She was the Yugoslav Legation's offical equivalent of a British Consul. She took her bewildered compatriot to the Convent hostel in Medway Street where she had booked her a room, explained her circumstances and informed the Sister Superior that employment had been arranged for her in the Legation;

so she had been installed in the end room on our floor just the day before we met.

Everyone who had been interned, however unjustly, had their passport stamped "Enemy Alien". The appellation was never removed, so the poor girl who had been given the job of accompanying "Friendly Alien" immigrants (Yugoslavs of dubious loyalty) to Register at Police stations was always in terror that her own credentials would be examined and her "enemy" description be uncovered. She was always telling us that she was being "followed" but we thought it was her imagination, until one day, Sister Theresa sent for us both! I was amazed to find it was *not* imagination, and Ljalja was horrified when Sister Theresa told us that "security" had questioned her about us both, she exclaimed "Oh, Sister, what must you think of me?" "Why" said Sister, "I said you were good, hardworking girls and no danger to anyone." She smiled benevolently upon us so that even my persecuted friend was consoled. The "Enemy Alien" tag, however, remained until she managed to change her "White Russian" nationality to Serbo-Croat some eighteen months later, when the Yugoslav Legation which we irreverently called "The Yugoslav Lunatic Asylum" turned itself into an Embassy, filled with "refugees" from the Balkans who had no inclination to join the army in the Middle East and fight for their country as their "fascist" compatriots were doing. These "refugees" were financed in their odyssey with the Yugoslav gold "saved" from the hands of both Germans and "allies" to keep the Embassy staff in luxury, first in war-torn England until they at last wore out the welcome of *our* subversive government and were packed off to Cairo, where, with hindsight we know the 'Red' brass among them were being groomed for stardom in the post war U.N. Even the "clerks" whose "war work" was to carry papers from one room to another, were paid £300 a month. What a bonanza! And not a penny to General Michailovich who remained in Yugoslavia fighting his necessarily losing battle against the Communist Tito, financed by the "allies" in which set up, Britain was the "junior partner" even then. Ljalja, did not however, have any share in the "goodies". When, at last, she asked for an increase in salary as she was so poor - she found that her wages were being paid by the Legation Councillor out of the goodness of his heart and his own pocket! Obviously, *he* was not "in the swim" either. To add to her terrors, the exiled Government began a correspondence with Stalin in the name of King Peter of Yugoslavia. Then, it was found that the Legation possessed no Russian typewriter, so my friend, who was the only person who could do such correspondence, had to go to the Exiled White Russian Society and use its typewriter *in secret* to conduct the Royal correspondence with the Soviets!! No wonder she lived in fear of *every* authority, and we called her place of employment - The Yugoslav Lunatic Asylum.

* Some eight hundred British men and women were held, some up to five years, because they were "fascist". Admiral Sir Barry Domville tells us in his book *From Admiral to Cabin Boy* how he and his wife were held for the whole war in separate prisons because he had been a member of a pre-war society called "The Link" which organised exchange visits between England and Germany for the purpose of healing the wounds left by the "war to end wars" and thus promoting friendship between our two peoples; mere membership was enough to warrant internment without appeal.

"It may be necessary to have another great and horrible war in order to establish the efficacy of the League of Nations."

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *December 6th* 1935.

A NORTHERN RHODESIAN FARMER

Hans was born in Natal, South Africa, of Norwegian parents. His mother, Pauline, the daughter of Christian Lutheran missionaries, could remember as a little girl of six or seven years, leading the foremost bullock cart, while Zulu impis leapt and stamped, whistled through their teeth, crashing their assegais against leather shields, threatening to kill fellow tribesmen who had been converted. The ox carts were packed with Zulu Christians, whom his grandparents, calmly but in the face of extreme danger, escorted to safety.

The Zulu Empire was carved by the mightiest of Africa's warriors and was at its height at this time. It was in the 1880s that the Boers faced defeat in the Zulu Wars, and from which the British rescued them.

Pauline died, aged 90 years, in the Rhodesia of U.D.I. in 1968, having buried her husband and all her sons save Hans.

Hans spoke Zulu fluently, for he played, wrestled with, and roamed the countryside, hunting and exploring, with a band of Zulu boys, the sons of men who worked for his uncle. His own daughter, when a five year old, then living in South West Africa (Namibia) on a farm Hans managed, was packed off to boarding school, in Cape Town, 2,000 miles away, (from which she returned home once a year) when her mother realised she spoke the native tongue better than she spoke English.

Hans was the oldest of four boys. Until he was six years of age he spoke Norwegian exclusively, at which time he was sent to an English speaking boarding school. He left school at 11, working as an apprentice cheese-maker on his uncle's farm. Until he was 14, out of his meagre pay he bought one pair of socks per month, sending the remainder to his parents to help support the family during the depression. Thereafter he saved earnestly and studied at night to gain entrance to, and finally putting himself through the Cedara Agricultural College, obtaining a B.Sc.

South West Africa had been a German colony until the Great War transferred tutelage to Britain. German influence and Afrikaaner dominance made life intolerable for English speakers, and so, during the 1950s, the family of four, Hans, Kay (of Irish/Scots parentage), Elizabeth and Christopher, trekked north, in an ancient Ford Thames truck, with their chattels on board, through the desert of Botswana, to Chisamba in Northern Rhodesia. (That journey is itself an epic tale).

Northern Rhodesia was for Hans and family, both an escape and an opportunity; Escape from the isolation of being English-speaking in a community where the majority of residents loathed the English for destroying their dreams and humbling them. Hans carried the additional odium of identifying with victors in two German wars (he served with the British 8th Army in the North African Desert from 1941) and the Boer War. The family suffered the consequences of all hated minorities; ignored or abused by neighbours who should have sought friendship, whose homes were separated by 60 to a 100 miles of bush, and who relied on such contact for survival; Opportunity was the chance to farm his own land, in a part of Africa controlled by a liberal British administration, and which was only just emerging from the neglect of the war years.

Northern Rhodesia in the late 1940s and 50s was a land of promise. The copper mines were booming in post-war prosperity, families with know-how and drive were encouraged on to the land, and it was the policy of the colonial government to provide the wherewithal for the economic, social and cultural development of the territory.

Migrants were recruited; shift bosses for the few, but very significant, copper mines along the border of the mineral rich Congo Pedical; doctors, nurses, teachers, veterinarians, engineers, foresters, surveyors, police officers, game and fisheries management officers, provincial and district administrators. Generally they were drawn from Britain and the English speaking nations. The reward for most of them, was the breaking of the mold which stifled the ordinary man and woman in the First World; to seek adventure in an exotic setting, the chance to achieve, to own land and to exercise a measure of freedom, to cast-off the restraints of over regulation, in overcrowded islands.

Although almost every profession was represented in the body of European Settlers, numerically they were a drop in the ocean among tribal Africans who occupied the land. Their significance was not to be found in numbers but the skills they brought with them. They introduced traditional Africa to the Twentieth Century.

When Northern Rhodesia became Zambia in 1964, the territory was the richest in 'Black Africa', the population had the highest standard of living outside of 'White Dominated' South Africa and the highest standard of literacy.

The railway bisected the country from South to North, roads brought into contact peripheral areas; administrative centres (The Bomas - housing district commissioner and district officers, magistrates, agricultural and veterinary officers, Tsetse Control and Game Officers). Police posts, court houses, post offices, schools, hospitals (clinics) were to be found even in the most remote districts. A settled and peaceful way of life had transformed central Africa. Less would have been achieved were it not for the revenues from minerals, and the produce of 'Settlers' which helped feed the population.

Farmers were drawn to this beautiful high savanna, abounding with wild life, because as Africans quit their traditional way of existence, seeking education and wage earning opportunities, it was necessary to feed the slowly expanding urban population. Thus it was colonial policy to attract producers of 'cash crops'. Government bought blocks of tribal land and encouraged settlement by providing initial mortgages and seasonal loans from the Land Bank, to be repaid with modest interest.

Three quarters of all indigenous Africans continued to live in the time honoured way, even by the time of 'Independence'. Bantu villagers were subsistence producers of food; maize, millet, sassava, fruit and vegetables (the sweet potato, yams, peanuts, bananas, mangoes, sugar cane and citrus fruits) with fish and meat from trapping and hunting. Cattle ownership, in tsetse fly free areas, tended to represent wealth rather than protein production.

In times of plenty, and seasonal abundance of insects, fish (kapenta), birds and small ground animals, village markets provided for the exchange or sale of local commodities. There was a Department of African Agriculture, bringing expertise and encouraging a move from subsistence to cash crop production but traditional tribal attitudes ensured that progress was not rapid.

Commercial farmers, European Settlers, at their height, numbered only about 500 families, providing a variety of crops for home consumption and export; tobacco, cotton, ground nuts, maize, millet, and cattle for beef and dairy products. Farmers were assisted by officers from the Department of Agriculture and by scientists at the government research centre at Mount Mkulu near the capital, Lusaka.

Most farmers were located relatively closely to either the central railway, or the Great North Road. (The railway was a 3 foot 6 inch single gauge, linking the copper belt, to the ports of Southern Africa, via Livingstone. The Gt North Road, running parallel to the railway, was tar-sealed by 1964, with gravelled ways radiating from it. The latter were frequently impassable during the rainy season.)

To ensure a fair return to commercial producers of agricultural crops, and guarantee inexpensive food for wage and salary earners, statutory boards were established to regulate marketing and prices. Thus the population was safeguarded from the ravages of famine to which Africa is prone. Boards' profits went back to the Land Bank to finance further seasonal loans and grants to farmers.

Northern Rhodesia had an equable climate suited to African and European settlement and modern agriculture. It covered an area approximately six times larger than England and had a population 10 times smaller than the British Isles. Thus there was plenty of space for settlement and expansion.

The land lies between 3 and 5,000ft above sea level, rising to 7,000ft in places. It occupies a position central to the Tropic of Capricorn.

There were 4 discernible seasons; (1) The 'Cool Season', from May to August, with frosts in the higher and exposed places. (2) From August the temperatures increased to reach its most warm in October, the 'Hot Season'. Tensions, climatic and psychological, reached fever pitch, to be eased with (3) the 'Rainy Season', November to April, when the year's supply arrived in deluge. (4) a 'Post Rainy Season' lingered from April to May.

Torrential thunderstorms brought rainfall on average between 58 inches in the North to 28 inches in the South. The highest daily rainfall was up to 5 inches. The highest recorded temperature was 44 degrees centigrade, in the Luangwa Valley (part of the great African Rift Valley system), and the lowest in Sesheke, -7 degrees. Generally the temperature range was between -1 to 38 degrees centigrade.

It was thus with high hopes that Hans and his family came to this pristine country. Land, Sunny Ridge Farm, was bought in Chisamba District, just over 40 miles from Lusaka, and some 20 miles from the railway. At the height of his farming efforts Hans produced 2,000 acres of maize annually, several hundred head of beef cattle, and lesser crops of millet and peanuts. He had relied on loans to purchase the property, more loans for seasonal crop-planting expenses, and any profits he enjoyed went back into the farm; tractors, harvesters, fertilizers, an electricity generator (diesel powered), water-pumps, storage sheds, barns and all those other sundries without which a farmer in remote areas cannot function. His income not only supported his own family (expensive Secondary level Boarding Schools for his children included) but also by way of work, wages and rations he provided for 50 and more local tribes people; the men who worked for him, and their families. Hans was typical of the 'Settler farmers' of Northern Rhodesia.

Hans was a kind, practical and simple man. Simple in the sense of not being subtle nor deceitful in his dealings with his fellows. He got on well with other settlers, was a respected neighbour, but more imortant was the relationship he had with his work-people.

The lingua franca, Chinyanja, is akin to Zulu, brought up to the Rhodesias by Msilikazi, an impi leader who broke away from the famed Chaka Zulu, and created for himself an empire centred on Bulawayo (The Place of Killing). Hans spoke colloquially, shared African conversations, jokes and stories, was familiar with and respected those aspects of culture and beliefs which were sacred and immutable.

Kay ran a clinic, dealing with petty ailments, and an unoffiicial primary school for children of all races, for she saw the need of all children to have the ability to read, write and calculate. (Officials of U.N.I.P., the political party which eventually won control of government, closed her little school in 1965 after independence, for they believed it to be a form of white paternalism. They did not replace it with an alternative.)

Knowing that there is a tendency among most Africans to drink 'moa', a locally brewed beer from maize, and 'kachasu' a spirit, distilled from wild fruit, usually illegally, and so leave their families short of food, Hans ensured that women and children were not neglected, by providing weekly rations of maize flour, for the making of 'nsima', the staple diet, and either dried fish or meat. This was not the 19th Century 'truck', the much abused system of the industrial slums of Europe, but was in addition to cash wages. He also provided the first meal each morning. At first light, a gong sounded (a beaten plough share), followed by the doling out of thick gruel, rich in carbohydrate and protein, for labourers and their families. Such generosity was not mere altruism; well fed workers work well. Their families are healthy and happy.

Being so far from the city, Kay also ran a farm store. Useful items, knives, and the like, tinned food, paraffin and cotton goods were bought from wholesalers in Lusaka, and sold to any who wished to buy. Local villagers and passers-by used the facility.

The farm workers were also provided with the wherewithal for the building of their houses in the farm compound, and firewood. Tractor and trailer were put to use in this respect. All who wished were allowed to hunt and trap in the bush surrounding, and on part of, the farm. No firearms were in the possession of his work people, but spears and dogs were used to hunt pigs and small buck. Snares produced guinea fowl, which run in great gaggles, along well used paths. Saturdays and Sundays were work free.

Workers who forsook traditional village life for wage labour did so voluntarily. There was no 'conscription'. They elected, for their own benefit and welfare, to accept the regulation of a working day, for the rewards it brought. At any time they were free to depart permanently; short 'leave' to go home was granted when tradition deemed it necessary. Naturally it followed that a stable work force was essential to successful farming and so those who worked knowledgeably and well were encouraged to stay. There were always more village people volunteering for wage labour than there were jobs available.

Hans was not merely the employer of his labour, he was part of the labour force himself. They joked, sweated in the heat and struggled together to get the work done; ploughing, cultivating, harvesting, herding and dipping cattle; tree-felling and bush clearance, to bring into production additional acreage.

Farming to such a one as Hans, was a way of life, a joy, even with financial worries and concern over the adequacy or otherwise of the seasonal rains. Christopher, educated at an agricultural college, it was to be expected, would eventually step into his father's shoes. His daughter, a school teacher, married to the local police inspector, was likely to move away.

This was how matters stood when Northern Rhodesia achieved independence in 1964. Zambia was prosperous and peaceful until a date for elections and the prospect for African government became reality. It can well be imagined the excitement that this generated. It followed that if there was to be a transfer of power, there were those who sought that mantle.

Prior to the establishment of colonial government this area of central Africa had been dominated by tribal rule; warfare balanced by armed neutrality. Dominant tribes held lesser tribes in thrall. Weaknesses were exploited by violent bloodletting. Ebb and flow of tribal power maintained insecurity. Indeed at that time parts of the territory had no villages nor settled life; terrorised banthu sheltered in temporary 'shambas', able to flee at a moment's notice, abandoning all save the barest essentials. With the prospect of 'self-rule' tribalism returned clad in those garments which had been put aside by 'pax Britannica'.

Colonial administrators and police officers were told to anticipate, but not tolerate, political and tribal violence. This proved to be virtually impossible. After Macmillan's 'Wind of Change' speech, there was no denying that transfer of power was on the way, nothing would impede its progress. The most violent, ruthless and thus successful leaders were going to have at their disposal wealth and influence beyond their wildest dreams. The law abiding politician, be he tribal chief or educated tribesman, submitted to tyranny or drowned in a welter of blood. Violence was not aimed at those who were dubbed in the liberal western press as 'white colonialists', but at black Africans, by black Africans. The 'vote' of the terrorized had to be won.

Combatants in this civil war had naught to lose and everything to gain. With nothing with which to reward their 'freedom fighters' except promises of untold wealth when victory was achieved, the most unrealistic ambitions were born. Supporters of one political party or another would burn whole families, or panga those who fled the flames, in the belief that as 'heroes of independence' they would eventually own beautiful homes, swimming pools, motor cars, and command incomes and the way of life that settlers appeared to enjoy. Medical orderlies spoke of becoming doctors, and indoor servants of owning the home of the family they had served for so many years.

After independence was achieved these promises had to be fulfilled. A policy of 'Africanisation' of the civil service was adopted. European colonial service officers were replaced by their subordinates. Those who departed were compensated, some might say, 'handsomely'; they took with them, not only their own skills, but the skills of their spouses. For almost every serving male officer who was invited to leave, took with him a school teacher, or nurse or secretary. Their servants were left unemployed and homeless.

As the infrastructure broke down, settlers whose work was not subject to Africanisation, began to depart.

Hospitals and clinics became under/or incompetently, staffed; polluted water flowed through domestic taps. When there were incompetent teachers in schools, or no teachers at all, Europeans left the territory in droves. Dis-satisfied and unrewarded 'freedom fighters' roamed the towns, robbing and looting, holding families, black and white, to ransom; murdering in desperation in despair of a paradise that denied them its blessing. Inefficiency, injustice and corruption flowered where once there had been harmony and order. In later years volunteer vigilantes fought running gun-battles with criminal gangs while incompetent and corrupt Zambian police stood by.

In the rural areas there was little immediate upset but this soon changed when the government decided that all European owned farms should become the property of the state. Unlike civil servants, who had been recruited by the British Colonial Office and were financially compensated for loss of career, there was to be no compensation for farmers, who had borrowed money to buy their properties. They would be allowed to become government tenants and be subject to the dictates of the Department of Agriculture, who would direct farmers what to grow.

Hans was ordered to grow cotton, which he had never ever done. He had to finance the planting and cultivation from his own seasonal loans and pay the extra workers that this labour-intensive crop demanded. The government guaranteed an adequate labour force, conscripted from those who flooded the towns after independence and who were jobless. The labour never materialised. Total crop failure resulted. When he was ordered by the African agricultural officer to repeat the exercise in the following year, crisis point was reached.

Kay had always been the 'maker of initiatives', and Hans the 'doer. It had been she who pressed for the move from South West Africa to Northern Rhodesia. All the book-work, financial borrowings and debt repayments were under her management. Knowing Hans's strengths, and the nature of the land they farmed, she also planned the volume of crops to be cultivated, the livestock numbers the pasture could carry, and budgeted accordingly. It was she who decided they must quit Zambia, and join the stream of hundreds of other white farmers. Hans was reluctant to go but once her decision had been made, resistance was futile.

They abandoned the land that had been so hard-won to cultivation from the velt, and which, just prior to independence had begun to reward them. There was only one place to go; South. Ian Smith's Rebel Rhodesia was prepared to welcome them, and settle them on a farm. The embattled U.D.I. state was at war with the world. The desperation of Hans and Kay, in their middle-fifties, may be measured by the decision to start all over again, at the Pause Farm, Matetsi, just south of Victoria Falls. They scampered over the border just in time to be confronted by invading guerilla armies of Robert Mugabe.

Kay had been university educated. She was highly intelligent, energetic, competent and combative. She had single mindedly pursued the 'liberal ideal'. Her liberalism was born and fire hardened by her experiences in South Africa, and South West Africa. She hated 'Apartheid', and the 'arrogant nationalism'. She had courted trouble as a student activist. What she experienced in Zambia; what she believed was betrayal, caused her to reverse her politics. While political beliefs can be abandoned or modified, personality cannot be altered, as psychologists well know. From this time on, until her death at the hands of a guerilla fighter, all her ability and energy, and the fanaticism she had brought to bear in the cause of liberalism, was ranged zealously on the side of white supremacists. She was converted to the view that where African majority rule obtained, there also would chaos reign.

It is a telling irony, that a year after they moved to the Pause, in Ian Smith's Rhodesia, half of Hans's African labourers arrived from Zambia, together with their families. Zambia had suffered its first famine. Hans's Sunny Ridge farm was derelict. His labourers had at night, crossed the Zambesi River, avoided dangerously armed patrols of Zambian and Rhodesian soldiers, and come to Hans for work. They had walked hundreds of miles to confront him with their plight.

Hans was unable to give them work. They were alien Africans in the midst of war, in an alien state. He fed and rested them for several days, and without consulting any authority, fearing 'red-tape entanglements' trucked them back to the Zambesi and arranged for a farmer, Chisamba ex-neighbour, to transport them to their home village, once they had safely, secretly and at night, negotiated the border.

In the war that followed, Hans lost his wife to the conflict, his only son to disease and medical incompetency, and his farm. He salvaged nothing from his labours in Africa. He died in New Zealand, (where he went to live with his daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren.) of Parkinsons Disease, aged 79, living on a small pension which the New Zealand Government had very generously allowed him.

Amazingly Hans was not bitter. He did not complain of his losses, nor air his woes; he blamed not 'Fate', for the hand it dealt him. In his last days, he would sit in his little cottage, looking at his African photographs, exclaiming at his happy memories.

Anon.

Cela va sans dire ?

On Wednesday, 27th May, The *Daily Telegraph* carried a item in its **World Bulletin** column with the sub headline;-

Catholics to Seek Pardon during 2000

The Roman Catholic Church will seek " absolution" for its sins during Millenium Holy Year celebrations, it was announced yesterday.

Vatican officials said a "request for pardon" for wrongdoings, including contempt of so-called heretics and Jews, would be made on March 8, 2000.

The announcement is in line with the Pope's repeated wish for the Church and its flock to engage in an examination of conscience to mark the Millenium.

Daily Telegraph 27/5/98.

So what is news about that? The Vatican has been stuffed with freemasons and heretics for decades now. Satan is on the rampage as Our Blessed Lady, when she appeared to the children at Fatima in Portugal, said he would be, emphasising her words by the stupendous miracle, witnessed by seventy thousand people, when the sun danced in the sky.

If the Pope, in the name of the Catholic church is going to seek "absolution" for its sins, let us pray that he will at last repent of and repair his and his predecessors' indifference to what amounted to the behest of the Mother of God that the whole heirachy should pray for the conversion of communist Russia and thus avert the forecast horrors that have indeed come upon us.

WACO: The Rules of Engagement.

This is a stunning motion picture documentary that blows the lid off of years of media and U.S. government lies about what really happened in Waco, Texas, U.S.A. on April 19, 1993.

For more than five years, the FBI and Clinton administration have insisted that the Branch Davidians committed suicide and burned themselves. Now infra-red film, taken by the FBI, shows these claims to be utter fabrications.

It also shows how the FBI - probably acting on direct orders of the White House - deliberately and systematically massacred at least 76 men, women and children in Waco.

This documentary had a, perhaps understandably, limited cinema release in America. People in the audience crying at the horrifying scenes of U.S. government brutality do not make for good business today....

The heart of *Waco: The Rules of Engagement* is extensive FBI aerial FLIR (Forward-Looking-Infra-Red) film,, obtained by the surviving Davidians' attorneys for their trial. Other sources include audio tapes of the government negotiations, and videos made by the FBI, BATF and Branch Davidians.

Most crucial is the FLIR film, which records heat images, rather than visible light. The FLIR film clearly shows events behind the building, concealed from news cameras. Heat images also make visible government troops and tanks firing bullets and grenades.

Film of the initial BATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms) attack on February 28, 1993, shows machine guns being fired from Texas National Guard helicopters into the wooden building filled with women and children. FBI negotiator Jim Cavanaugh is also heard admitting that agents fired from helicopters - a crucial fact repeatedly denied by government officials and a clear violation of laws against the indiscriminate use of deadly force.

Revelations about the devastating April 19, 1993 final assault - which was, according to the film, directly controlled by the White House - are even more horrific.

The film shows FBI tanks systematically crushing the wooden building, which then housed some 80 men, women and children, room-by-room. Simultaneously loudspeakers blare "this is not an assault." Moments later, an FBI tank can be seen dragging the crushed body of one Davidian between its treads.

As the Davidians' home is demolished, most surviving women and children (identified by infra-red photography as 'blobs') crowd into a single concrete room with just one door. FBI troops and armoured cars then advance. They repeatedly fire automatic weapons into the room through the walls and the single door, killing anyone who tries to escape.

Finally, FBI tanks fire grenades at three separate locations in the building. Fireballs immediately rush down the corridors and fire engulfs the building.

Most remaining survivors burn to death, while the FBI prevents any fire trucks from entering the property. A subsequent official enquiry finds military pyrotechnic (i.e., fire-starting) grenades near the site where two fires began.

Prior to the final assault, you also see FBI tanks spraying CS powder dissolved in methyl chloride into the building. An FBI supervisor boasts on camera that they deliberately saturated the Davidian women and children's final refuge.

CS is a chemical warfare agent, whose effects include burning of the skin, nausea, inability to breathe, vomiting, and death (particularly among children).

In January 1993 - three months before the final siege of Waco - the government signed an international treaty banning the use of CS in war because it is too inhumane. As shown in the film, a few seconds' exposure to CS causes soldiers to become incapacitated and scream in pain. At Waco, infants, pregnant women and elderly men were sprayed with CS reapeatedly for over six hours.

The FBI's justification for gassing children with CS was to "get their parents to surrender." But as one witness declared at the congressional hearings, "In America we protect children. We do not torture them for the alleged crimes of their parents."

Forensic experts also testified that when CS burns, it produces hydrogen cyanide gas - the same gas used to execute convicted murderers. Indeed, coroners confirm that corpses in the ruins had high levels of cyanide.

What comes next is not for weak stomachs. In hellish scenes, you see footage of the contorted, crushed, charred and bullet-ridden bodies of men, women and children - silent testimony to the ruthless brutality of the federal government.

All of these events and images are juxtaposed with film of repeated public denials and lies by the FBI,BATF and Attorney General Janet Reno. Official after official testifies at the House hearings that "not a single shot was fired by the FBI on April 19, " "the Davidians shot themselves," "the Davidians set themselves on fire," "we gave them every opportunity to leave peacefully," and "the government's first concern was to protect the children."

Footage in *Waco: The Rules of Engagement* - including the FBI, FLIR film - has been offered to major news stations across the United States. To date, every single station has refused to broadcast it. According to *Waco's* producers, CBS and *60 Minutes* have had the film for more than two years but will not show it.

The House Waco Investigation also had all of this information, including the FLIR film. Yet at congressional hearings, both Republicans and Democrats swept the crucial evidence under the carpet....

Waco: The Rules of Engagement is now available in VHS PAL format for only £10. in the UK (Incl. P&P.) or 12. Overseas (Incl. Air Mail).

"We thought we had 'run the gamut', as they say, of horror over the tale of what governments in this subversive day can do to their own law-abiding people, but this new video of the Waco massacre (no lesser description will do) is so DAMNING that one viewing will surely leave no one unconvinced of the malovolence practised by *all* establishment governments.": EDITOR.

Please make cheques, Postal Orders or International Money Orders (In Pounds Sterling) payable to FREEDOM VIDEOS and send to BOX 1, Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, GU33 7DD, England.
(Or send 2 x 1st Class stamps for a copy of our illustrated 20 page catalogue).

ADVERTISEMENTS

BOOKS FROM FOREST HOUSE

NEW! **CATHOLIC ACTION** by Liam Connolly.

From the preface, *"This essay on **Catholic Action**.... was originally written with France and the French situation in mind and thus explains the occasional very explicit reference to that country. Nonetheless, as publishers, we believe that what he has written here is wholly relevant to what is left of the Catholic world in the West, and thus deserves a wider audience.*

40 pages. Cardcover. £ 2.50. (£ 3.00 Overseas).

THE POLITICAL SOLDIER: Thoughts on Sacrifice & Struggle by Derek Holland. 28 pages. Cardcover. £ 2.00. (£ 2.50 Overseas).

Please make cheques or postal orders payable to the "A.K. Chesterton Trust", and send to Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, GU33 7DD, England.

LEGION TAPES

For a full listing of our nationalist,historical and revisionist audio tapes send a stamped SAE to:
Legion Tapes, BCM 6358, London, WC1N 3XX.

FINAL CONFLICT

Youth Magazine for National Revolutionaries - against Capitalism and Communism. Send 4 x 1st Class stamps for sample issue to: FINAL CONFLICT, BCM 6358, LONDON, WC1N 3XX.

THE TRUTH AT LAST

SPECIAL OFFER ! The editor of this excellent, very hard-hitting, monthly newspaper is offering a 6 issue subscription to British readers for only £5. Send a **5 pound note** to:
THE TRUTH AT LAST, P.O. Box 1211, Marietta, Georgia 30061, USA.

THE VOICE OF ST. GEORGE

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH!

For a sample copy of this hard hitting English nationalist newspaper please send 2 x 1st Class stamps to:
BCM ITP, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND.

NATIONAL FREEDOM

This is a quarterly, full colour, journal. Send £1.50 for a sample copy to: BM Crackle, London, WC1N 3XX. (Cheques or PO's payable to *National Freedom*).

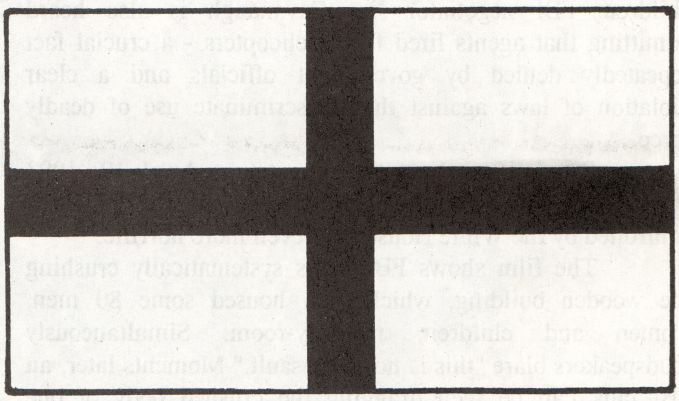
GOTHIC RIPPLES

An occasional report by Colin Jordan. Subscription for 4 issues U.K. £3. Send to *Gothic Ripples,* Thorgarth, Greenhow Hill, Harrogate, HG3 5JQ.

SPEARHEAD

Published in support of the British National Party. Sample copy £1.30 from:
P.O. Box 117, Welling, Kent, DA16 3DW.

Cry God, for Harry, England and St. George!



St. George Flags *Back* in Stock....

We have struck another deal with our sympathetic flag supplier and recently received a fresh supply of the beautiful national flag of England. They are printed on nylon and measure approximately 3' x 5'.

They are available to *Candour* readers for only £10 each (U.K.), or £12 (Overseas), including Post & Packing.

Fly the Flag! Send your order to *The A.K. Chesterton Trust:-*

Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, GU33 7DD, England.

CANDOUR SUBSCRIPTION RATES

U.K. £15 OVERSEAS £20 U.S.$30 AIRMAIL PER ANNUM

CHEQUES AND POSTAL ORDERS MADE PAYABLE TO THE A.K. CHESTERTON TRUST

Printed and published by Candour Publishing Company, Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, GU33 7DD.
(Editor: Rosine de Bounevialle)